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shown through the rooms open to visitors and learning that descendants of Mrs Hathaway still live in the cottage, I asked if I might buy some poppy seed from the garden. It was disappointing to hear the real owners of the place say "There won't any more". I told her I had to have some, that my soul-reason for visiting at Shottery was it be near enough to walk through Anne Hathaway's garden and to get some seed from the famous poppies there. It worked like a charm and pulling on a delightful white sunbonnet she said "Come with the garden and see if we can find some". - Needless to say we did and it was doubly interesting to see her gather it. I was permitted to pick lavender there and was given hollyhock seeds for good luck. I reluctantly left the old thatched cottage with its memory of Shakespeare's wooing days and found Dodie's garden in the village - two little boys there quite won my heart and I was shown their rabbits and presented with sweetpeas and entertained generally by the two and refreshed with a cool drink by their gracious little mother. Back to the "Red Stone" where I found Mabel and Miss E - Oh it was good to be with them after an absence of three days and three nights. In the evening we saw Shakespeare's house "New House", Marie Corelli's home and other sights and then slept peacefully until seven o'clock this morning. After a cup of tea at quarter to eight Miss E - and I hurried to Shakespeare's Church where we sat during the early service and communion: we both wished we might have communed for the service was so impressive and the spirit of the day and place so perfect. Returning to the "Red Stone" we had our "breakfast proper" and then were driven to Warwick past Charlecote Park - the home of the Lucy - where Shakespeare is supposed to have stolen the deer. We saw many deer there and the gate-lodge the surroundings were just as I had hoped they would be about the home of "gentry".

At Warwick we saw the Castle Westgate and Guy's Hospital and at the "woolpack" I left my friends